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OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

"VELUTI IN SPECULUM."

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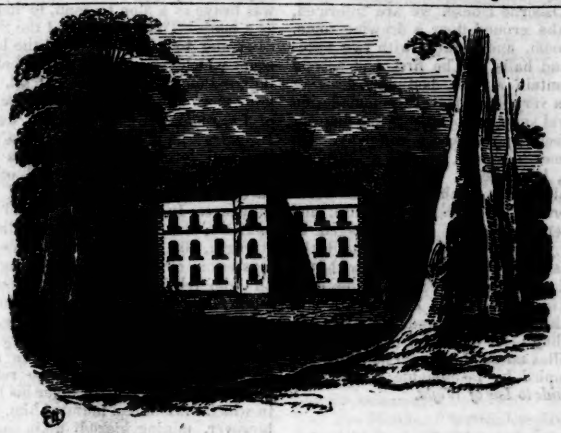

OSBORNE HOUSE.

Osborne House (now the property of Her Majesty, having been purchased from Lady Isabella Blachford) displays no pretensions to architectural elegance; it is a plain, well-built mansion—commodious, unornamented, and massive, suitable as the marine residence of a retired merchant or banker, and therefore admirably suited to the purposes of seclusion. Her Majesty's choice of this house, as a fitting residence for herself and illustrious consort, affords another proof, among many, of her majesty's attachment to unostentatious and old-English simplicity of living, and furnishes an example that might be profitably imitated by others, who follow afar off the queen's domestic habits. In order to accommodate a large establishment, considerable alterations have been made in the building. The situation of Osborne House, though not the best, is one of the best in the neighbourhood of East Cowes. Surrounded with a well-wooded park, adjoining eastward the grounds of Norris Castle (where her majesty resided in 1831), the mansion commands extensive views, varied and beautiful, but, it must be admitted, less extensive and noble than the prospect from Norris Castle. From Osborne House the range of view is easterly, taking in Portsmouth and Spithead; but to the west the prospect is limited by the high grounds of Norris Castle, from which not only Portsmouth and Spithead are objects included in the scene, but the roadstead of Cowes, Southampton, the New Forest, and Calshot Castle. From the high road very little of the mansion is observable; but "in sailing along the coast," says a recent visitor of the spot, "the house appears to be a handsome square edifice, seated at the head of an ample lawn, which slopes gently to a valley open to the sea-beach. The whole park, strictly private, extends down to the sea, with good landing-places." The park, inclusive of garden, &c., contains 346 acres. There is a farm adjoining. During the Civil Wars, when the island became associated with the history of Charles I, Osborne House was occupied by Eustace Mann, Esq.; and there is a place near by, called Money Copse, where this person, terrified by the presence of the parliamentary forces, secreted in the ground his treasure, money, plate, &c., the whole of which, upon being searched for after the cessation of hostilities was discovered to be indiscoverable, or, in other words (to avail ourselves of a common Irishism), was "found gone." Tradition (which is an authority whose authenticity is not to be doubted), has contrived to

turn this incident to some account by circulating the rumour (industriously handed down from father to son), that the property is still concealed about Money Copse somewhere, but where requires more than the divination of a hazel wand (which was said of old to possess the power, when waved by certain hands, of detecting the vicinity of metals beneath the earth), satisfactorily and substantially to determine. Osborne House, we are informed, has on the ground-floor a drawing-room, dining-room, and library, with two anterooms and halls. The first and second floors contain sixteen bed and dressing rooms; a very inadequate accommodation for a royal suite, especially if her majesty should feel disposed to see company. On the former occasion, when, as Princess Victoria, her majesty, with the Duchess of Kent, paid a visit to the island, and occupied Norris Castle, Osborne House, and two other residences, were engaged as quarters for Sir John Conroy and the officers and servants connected with the household. Snamble's Farm is now connected with East Cowes Park estate, laid out in rides and groves, and lately become the dwelling place of sundry of the gentry, whose villas adorn the property, which are now occupied by fashionable residents.—*From Guide to Isle of Wight.*

THE RED HAND.

A Tale of Louisiana.

CHAPTER III.—THE DUMB QUADROONE.

It was the same evening on which the Monk of St. Mary's Tower had discovered his face to Leone de Chazal, that a young and lovely girl sat in her boudoir. Dressed in the gorgeous and splendid style peculiar to the times, in heavy robes of brocade, she still followed her own taste in the arrangement of her hair, whose ebony locks were gracefully smoothed over a lofty and marble brow. About seventeen she was in the lightness of her step; in the merry twinkle of her eye, in the young bloom of her cheek, a girl; while in the rounded form, in the stern and thoughtful expression she often assumed, and in the majesty of her demeanour, was all the more matured beauty of womanhood. Marietta Visconti was sometimes one and sometimes the other. It depended on the mood of mind, which circumstances happened to bring about.

On the present occasion the orphan heiress, for such she was, and to no mean fortune, sat near an open oriel window in that dreamy pensive state which is neither sleeping nor waking. She was far away in the misty land of speculation and doubt. Betrothed to Maximilian de Chazal at an early age, and before her parent's decease, Marietta had learned to look up on her betrothed with all the affection of an affianced wife. In his noble character, in his handsome form, she saw all her visions of romance and chivalry realised. He was wayward and fanciful, it was true, but he was brave as a lion to man, to her gentle as a lamb. Time passed, and the Spaniard came and took possession of the land, an event which raised the deepest feelings of indignation in the minds of all, and in none more so than in the patriotic women of Louisiana. With Marietta, herself of Italian origin, but born in America, patriotism and love of country was a passion which threatened to drown all others, so earnest, impetuous, and powerful was its influence. In her the Monk found a ready auxilary, she laboured to consolidate his strength, she trumpeted his piety and mysterious character, until at length, like all who fell beneath the compass of his mighty intellect, she gave him blind confidence and obedience, in every thing. Leone de Chazal, though warm and fiery as any against the Spaniards, and the chief of nearly every conspiracy, alone refused to render the mysterious stranger his homage, in which Maximilian imitated him, without, however, mixing himself up in the secret opposition to established order and government. Balls, dances, fetes, were his daily and hourly occupation, except when he would take a sudden fancy to hunt in the woods and forests, and then no civilised amusement could detain him a moment. Rich beyond every young man in the whole of Louisiana, he was able to follow the dictation of his fancy unimpeded, while he was the only French noble admitted, without restraint, at the governor's table.

All this had its effect upon the mind of Marietta. At first she hoped that a change would take place, and that the picture before him of the daily increasing tyranny of the Spaniards would rouse Maximilian: she looked forward to the time when the Monk, by his eloquence, would succeed in mastering the stubborn opposition of her lover. But in vain. To her earnest advocacy of strong measures, by which he might hold a high position amid his fellows in the sacred cause of freedom, Maximilian replied not by denials, but by half promises, by a *bon-mot*, by some graceful act of gallantry. He said that having the best of horses, the finest estate, the largest fortune, and the loveliest mistress in New Orleans, he could not but be satisfied under any form of government. The Spaniards never interfered with him, and, therefore, he should see! Perhaps Ma-

rietta might have been less influenced by all these circumstances, had not Leone de Chazal been by her side. As the cousin of her betrothed he had every opportunity of seeing her—her doors were open to him, and of this permission he made good use, especially when Maximilian was absent—a circumstance, of late, of constant occurrence. Leone, it is true, never ventured to say anything openly against his cousin—he was, by far, too deeply versed in the tactics of love to go so far—but he wondered, and he hoped that this and that was not the case, that Maximilian would shake off the yoke of pleasure; and, by dint of constant repetition, these things sank into the mind of the lovely heiress.

Marietta knew that Leone loved her, at least she suspected it, for not a word he had ever uttered could be interpreted into a declaration. And did she repel him the more? No! He was so respectful, he was evidently so unhappy, he envied his cousin so generously, and sang his praises so loudly, that who could but pity him? Marietta, too, found herself thinking of the friend rather oftener than of the lover, a circumstance which she regretted, and constantly reproached herself with—but these very reproaches only assisted in calling back the memory of his name.

"Oh, Maximilian! Maximilian!" she was exclaiming to herself when we introduced her, "why do you not rouse yourself? why not be, like Leone, devoted to your country; like Leone, spurn the pleasures of a moment for the duties for a patriot?"

The hourly comparison of her lover to his cousin was, unfortunate, to say the least of it. The constant falling of a single drop of water, once wore away a stone.

"Well, Maroc," said she, raising her eyes, and discovering, standing before her, a little quadroone girl.

Maroc made no reply, not even appearing to hear, but moving the fingers of the right hand rapidly over the palm of the other.

She was dumb, some said deaf.

"Leone de Chazal," repeated Marietta, reading off her fingers; "let him come in."

The moon shone so brightly that hitherto the lovely maiden had sat by her open window without having the numerous tapers of the room lighted; and Maroc, after touching a small gong slightly, proceeded to illumine the apartment. The chamber of the beauty was large, lofty, and of oblong shape; while from its painted roof hung—a rare article in Louisiana—two magnificent chandeliers. Sofas, ottomans, carpets, long and magnificent curtains, buffets and every variety of curiously worked furniture, adorned the place; while opposite the door of entrance was a little room entered by raising a piece of tapestry, and here the quadroon glided as soon as her task was performed.

In a few minutes Leone de Chazal entered—his cheek slightly pale, while in his eye might have been read a degree of agitation, somewhat rare and uncommon with him. He glanced uneasily round the room, as he crossed the threshold, and gave vent to a deep sigh, as if his bosom had been surprisingly relieved on finding the apartment tenanted only by Marietta.

"Welcome, Leone," said the Visconti, in her most charming manner. "Of what treason have you been plotting this night, and what plans have you matured that you are so late to pay your evening fealty hither?"

Leone advanced, took the hand of the lovely Marietta, and seated himself beside her.

"I have been to St. Mary's Tower," he rejoined, with some hesitation, "to a meeting of the Friends of France."

"Who was there?" inquired Marietta, somewhat anxiously.

"Count Thibaut, several citizens, and your humble servant."

"There was none other!"

"The—the—Monk," said Leone, evidently embarrassed.

"The Monk, of course," replied the fair speaker, in a disappointed tone. "But where was Maximilian?"

"Ah, amusing himself, the happy fellow," continued Leone, who appeared to prefer this subject to the other. "I saw him just now in the Place d'Armes, surrounded by half a dozen friends, laughing merrily."

"Indeed," said Marietta, "but I call him not 'happy fellow,' as you have it, but cold, hard, unfeeling Maximilian. You are too generous to excuse his lightness; when all others are striving for their country, he alone is idle."

"The deeper politician, perhaps," was on Leone's lips. But this would have been standing up for a cousin rather too strongly, and he added, with a tender sigh, "Happy fellow, indeed."

"Leone," said Marietta, warmly, "envy him not. Noble, generous, devoted to his country, as he is in all else, I could follow Maximilian through the world, but," continued the impetuous Italian, her form now majestic with noble passion, "I shall learn to hate a recreant."

Leone de Chazal was astonished at this burst of feeling, he knew not what to make of it, for that evening more than any other he wished to stifle within his breast emotions which were so opposed to the interests of his cousin. For a few monutes the man of the world was taken

aback, but quickly recovering himself, he replied, "Maximilian is a noble-minded fellow, and will come out of this ordeal triumphantly."

The words were well, but the tone of voice destroyed their effect.

"Leone," continued Marietta, "you know well that I wish to excuse Maximilian. He is my affianced husband, and I love him," this was said firmly; "but I tremble when I reflect that he is the twin brother of Paul de Chazal, who died in a low public drinking room, after a night spent in"—here the lovely girl blushed deeply—"company which disgraced his name. *He* too began by pleasure innocent enough.'

Leone glared like a wounded tiger on the beautiful speaker, as she bent her eyes sadly on the carpet. He gasped for breath, but, by a violent effort, overcame his emotion.

"You are hard, fair Marietta," he said, with a forced laugh, "and forget that I too have been a man of pleasure, and am still."

"But you know where to stop. You give not yourself wholly to folly, and can find time to join in plans for your country's regeneration."

Again Maroc glided noiselessly beside her mistress. In her hand was a salver, on which lay two letters.

"One for you, and one for me," said Marietta, handing his billet to Leone, while she eagerly opened her own:

"Put no faith in the gallantries of Leone de Chazal. Remind him that he was beside Paul de Chazal *when he died.* Maximilian is an enigma, but worth unravelling. "THE MONK."

Leone read:

"Marcella Zanetto is impatient. You are an hour behind your usual time.

"THE MONK."

Both started, while the young man bit his lip, and rose as if to leave.

"You are going?" said Marietta, scarcely aware of what she was saying, as she gazed in deep thought on the missive in her hand.

"I had forgotten a particular engagement, of which this note reminds me."

"With the Monk?" inquired Marietta, sadly, as she looked at the handwriting.

"With the Monk," repeated the young man, evidently relieved at the excuse thus made for him; and with these words he rose, took his plumed hat, and hurriedly departed.

Marietta Visconti remained alone, her thoughts racked by doubt and uncertainty, by doubt and uncertainty too of a very unpleasant character. She loved Maximilian—she remembered that she was his betrothed; but she could not forget the causes which made her uneasy concerning his character and proceedings. And now the Monk, for whom as a devout catholic and as a patriot, she had the profoundest respect, bade her temporise. Leone, she could not disguise from herself, had, by assiduous devotion, gained a lofty place in her esteem, and now suspicions were infused into her mind concerning him. Marietta knew not what to think, and her fair and marble brow grew clouded and sad, more clouded and sad than ever marble brow of fair girl should be.

"Maroc!" again she exclaimed, as the dumb Quadroone, only less beautiful and equally young with herself stood before her.

The girl's hands moved rapidly for an instant.

"The Monk," read Marietta, greatly relieved, as, at the same instant, that mysterious individual stood before her.

THE PEASANT'S TRIAL.

BY F. A. B.

An agricultural labourer, by name Edward Parry, at Charlton, had a wife and six children. Like most of his class, his earnings varied from six to eight shillings per week. How for years the family lived on this wretched pittance is one of those mysteries which stare us in the face and yet are not understood. The poor of England starve; their voices are silent; we know not of their existence, and they die and are forgotten. Towards the latter end of the year of grace 1845, Edward Parry found that what with his family growing up, with rent, clothing, and firing, with the daily demand for the bread that perisheth, his means were totally inadequate, and in a moment of desperation he brought his case before the board of guardians.

It was evening. In a poor and miserable hovel, the home of "a bold peasantry—their country's pride," in a wretched hut, by a scanty apology for a fire, sat, at eventide, the labourer, his wife, and six children. Pale, meanly clad, and cold, they cowered near the hearth in silence. The father had returned some time from his journey, but had not spoken a word; while the mother, poor resigned thing! prepared a few potatoes, to be presently divided amongst the whole party.

Edward Parry was about five-and-forty; he looked older with that poor old hat, smock frock, and stubby unshaven chin, while the lines of care and wearing hopelessness sat upon his brow. Each day spent in contriving how one shilling should feed, clothe, and lodge eight mortal souls,

was cause enough to bring early age upon him. But now that fond father, poor in worldly gear, but rich in heart, sat stern and cold upon his stool, eyeing the fire with an eye of glass. His wife watched him anxiously. At length he spoke:

"Well, I have had my answer," he said bitterly; "the guardians will do something for us."

"Thank God!" cried the poor wife, in a tone of heartfelt gladness.

"Thank God!" exclaimed the husband, bitterly, "yes! Betsy," said he, fiercely, turning to his eldest child, "you are to go into the workhouse."

The mother and children—those little things whose hearts had beat at the whisper of glad tidings—uttered a common exclamation of horror.

"Oh, father!" cried the poor girl, "let me die here, but do not send me to that horrid place."

The labourer smiled grimly: it was a smile such as a despairing angel might have worn.

"Then you, Bill, must go," he said, turning to the second child. "You know it will be one mouth the less."

The children all here set up an actual howl—a wailing cry of anguish.

"Oh father, father!" they cried each one, "do not send me! do not send me!"

"Well, wife," said the poor labourer, still with nearly savage fierceness, "you hear what the babes say; what are we to do? Are we to force one of our children to go from this home, wretched and miserable, to be fed by the parish?"

"Edward," said the poor woman, that pale creature wan with work and care, "Edward, I have been a patient, and I hope a good wife to you. When, twenty years ago, I took you for a husband, we were in the brightness of youth; you were a well-to-do little farmer. I looked forward to a life of cherished happiness. You became a labourer. I crushed my hopes in my heart, and was patient, for the sake of my children and you, Edward. Have I ever murmured? If I have, and you as you are, I deserve anything: take then from me my children. If, Edward, you can lay your hand on your heart and say I have been a good wife, leave me all my babes; I ask no other reward."

"Ha! ha! ha! I knew it!" cried the half-starved labourer, somewhat wildly, jumping up and kissing his wife; "you shall have your babes. I will work, I will work, and hope for better days, and the workhouse may go ——"

The wife hushed him with a wan smile, and they sat down to their wretched supper happy. The children felt as if delivered from some horrid calamity; the husband and wife had the pleasure of knowing that none would be taken from them, and presently they retired to rest, resigned, hopeful.

Such are the poor of England, the labouring population of the counties. God send there be a change!

THE POOR WIDOW.

I know a widow, very poor,
Who four small children had;
The oldest was but six years old,
A gentle, modest lad.

And very hard this widow toil'd
To feed her children four;
An honest pride the woman felt,
Though she was very poor.

To labour she would leave her home,
For children must be fed,
And glad was she when she could earn
A shilling's worth of bread.

And this was all the children had
On any day to eat;
They drank their water, ate their bread,
And never tasted meat.

One day, when snow was falling fast,
And piercing was the air,
I thought that I would go and see
How these poor children were.

Ere long I reached their cheerless home,
'Twas searched by every breeze;
When going in, the eldest child
I saw upon his knees.

I paused to listen to the boy,
He never raised his head;
But still went on, and said, "Give us
This day our daily bread."

I waited till the child had done,
Still listening as he prayed;
And when he rose, I asked him why
The Lord's Prayer he had said?

"Why, sir," said he, "this morning when
My mother went away,
She wept, because she said she had
No bread for us to day."

She said, we children now must starve,
Our father being dead;
And then I told her not to cry.
For I could get some bread.

"'Our Father,' sir, the prayer begins,
Which made me think that He,
As we have got no father here,
Would our kind father be.

"And then, you know, the prayer, sir, too,
Asks God for bread each day;
So in the corner, sir, I went,
And that's what made me pray."

I quickly left that wretched room,
And went with fleeting feet,
And very soon was back again
With food enough to eat.

"I thought God heard me," said the boy,
I answered with a nod;
I could not speak, but much I thought
Of that child's faith in God.

THE IRON SLAVE.

We have already, on more than one occasion, directed public attention to this wonderful machine, constructed on a new mechanical, labour-saving principle; but the invention has not yet received that examination in Jamaica of which we think it might be found eminently worthy, and therefore we have no hesitation in again bringing it before our readers. It is represented as intended as a substitute for the work formerly done by the human slave in warm climates,—and has been made for the Tropical Emigration Society of England. If the account given of it may be depended upon, as we trust it may, we should hold ourselves guilty of a culpable omission were we not to endeavour to fix upon it the early attention of our planting friends. The first public display of this invention which, it is seriously alleged, will, at no distant period, altogether change the present system of agricultural labour, especially in warm climates, excited a good deal of interest. The machine is intended for agricultural purposes—such as ploughing, sowing, reaping; also for making canals, roads, and tunnels. It is a frame of iron, four feet wide, and twenty feet long in front, with a shaft of six feet six inches long behind, with two broad wheels, and a steering wheel on the extreme end. On the front shaft are feet similar to spokes of wheels, with huffers on their extremities; these enter the ground by the revolving of the shaft. This is caused by a long lever of twenty feet, swinging backwards and forwards on a spindle, and pulling alternately two levers of three feet, in a box on two wheels, fixed to the shaft, similar to the capstan on the Great Britain steamship, with the difference that the motion can be reversed, or the levers so placed that they vibrate without the driving-wheel. The power to work this machine is communicated by ropes, pulling alternately on the lever; these ropes at a distance of 100 yards were wound around a double drum, and corresponding ropes ran from the drum to the distance of a further 120 yards, to two cranks of a steam engine. By this trial, a new mechanical principle was established—namely, the transition of power from a fixed point to a moving point, going in arbitrary directions at the will of one man at the steering wheel, which was thought impossible by scientific engineers. By prolonging or shortening the communication ropes, the distance from the prime mover to the machine travelling on pulleys and rollers to diminish friction, and from the drum to the "satellie," they are held up by cars with poles if they extend to a distance, to keep them from the ground. The trial itself proved fully the practicability of the machine. The machine is intended to work and move at the rate of three miles an hour. The trial was made on a square of eleven acres, on the property of Mr. E. King, of Blackburn, who kindly lent to the Tropical Emigration Society his steam carriage, which, eleven years ago, was running between Hammersmith and London.—*Jamaica Times.*

AMERICAN TRADING.

[From The Trapper's Bride.]

Few instances exist on record of industry so indefatigable in the pursuit of gain, amid dangers and difficulties, as that presented by the American trappers and gentlemen traders who, in the Great Prairie wilderness, in the Rocky Mountains, on the arid plains of Oregon, amid the perils of the Santa Fé caravan-trade, and all the various outlying posts of the vast interior, pursue a commerce which, characterised by features romantic and striking, must ever be viewed with feelings of interest and curiosity.

Thousands of hardy men, abandoning for ever their native villages, and rarely, if ever, returning within the confines of the settlements, becoming utterly averse to the restraints of civilised life, start across the frontier, where, either on their own account, or in the service of some one of the more opulent adventurers, they become beaver-hunters, trappers, or carry on a system of barter with the Indians. No life is more fraught with constant peril, and no occupation can be less permanently advantageous to those on whom devolves all the real labour of this peculiar commerce. Leaving the station where they have wintered, the trapper, often alone, takes his departure for the mountains, and there, during a whole season, pursues his avocations, perhaps more than a thousand miles from any spot inhabited by civilised man; living on the produce of his gun, eating buffalo and elk meat, often half-starved, always in fear of the treacherous Eutaws, the roving Comanche, the wild Apachè, and the root-eating Shoshonie. The bare ground is their only bed, where, by the light of some well-concealed fire, deep in a woody glen overhung by willow or spruce, the lone trapper sleeps with the wolf or panther growling within twenty feet, and only scared from attacking himself and horse by a blazing fire of cedar-logs. Hundreds perish from the arrows and tomahawks of the red-skins, that, in the Rocky Mountains, in the vast, lovely, and fertile valley, called the Bayou Salade, in the exquisite "Old Park," swarm by thousands; but hundreds also escape, and, concealing the produce of the chase in

numerous *cachés* known only to themselves, at the end of the season pour down upon the trading posts—upon Fort Bent, upon Brown's Hole, upon Vancouver; and there, during the winter season, swim in whiskey and float in tobacco-smoke; or, perhaps, wedding some loved Indian maid, settle down into more steady members of society. These marriages are common in the extreme, and from the submissive and resigned nature of the Indian female character, combined with their industry and power of enduring labour and fatigue, the unions are generally happy. The rude trappers find in them obedient wives, to whom their word is law, and who, without a murmur, take upon themselves all the duties of the household, and even more than the duties. It would indeed be a difficult matter, if, under such circumstances, the husband found much cause for complaint.

IMPORTANT MICROSCOPIC RESEARCHES.

Some very curious and important discoveries were made public at the last meeting of the Microscopic Society, by Mr. Quekett, the assistant conservator of the Hunterian Museum, relative to the minute structure of bone in the four great classes of animals. He had found certain characters peculiar to each great class, by which alone the bones of one class could be recognised from those of another. He then described the minute parts of which the shaft of a long bone is composed, namely, a central or medullary cavity, a series of small canals, and, external to them, a series of bony laminœ, in and between which were arranged concentrically spider-like bodies termed lucana, or bone-cells. The bone-cells, he stated, were smaller in birds, a little larger in mammalia, and largest of all in the reptilia, and were, generally speaking, of an oval form, whilst in fishes they were remarkable for their angular shape, and having but few canals branching from them. Mr. Quekett proposes to apply the characters derived from the bone cells to the determination of the class of animals to which any minute fragment of recent or fossil bone may have belonged. The cells in the bones of fishes are so very peculiar in shape, and those of reptiles being of such a large size, it can at once be determined whether the portion of bone under examination belong to a reptile or a fish; the only difficulty, then, lies between the bird and the mammal. It has already been stated that the cells are smaller in the former than in the latter, and if the fragment be taken from a part at right angles with the shaft of the bone, there is another peculiarity, namely, the great tortuosity of the canals, which run for the most par transversely, and wind backwards and forwards, and in many cases destroy the concentric laminate arrangement; this character, combined with the smallness of the bone-cells, is sufficient to enable the practised observer readily to distinguish the bone of a bird from that of any mammalian animal.

Anatomists have long been familiar with the fact, that in proportion to the size of the blood corpuscles, so is that of the capillaries and of the muscular and nervous fibres, and it would appear that the same thing held good with respect to the bone-cells. From the highly valuable table of the blood dises, lately published by Mr. Gulliver, it appears that the blood particles are largest in reptiles, and are much smaller in mammalia and birds; hence it would appear that the bone-cells are subject to the same capillary, muscular, and other systems, and in the advanced stages of the inquiry it may possibly turn out that if one or other of these systems be known the size of the others may be readily inferred; for throughout any one genus of animals, whether the bone be of very large or small dimensions, the bone-cells do not vary much in their size; thus there is little or no perceptible difference in the intimate structure of the bones of the enormous ignanodon of the Wealden formation, and the smallest lizard that we trample under our feet; or between that of the bones of the mustadon as compared with those of our smallest mammalian animal, the mouse. The sagacious author of the paper observed that the structure of the bones of the animals now inhabiting the surface of our planet is precisely similar to what it was six thousand years ago, and, no doubt, would continue the same to the end of time.

I LOVE TO SCAN THY ARTLESS FACE.

By the late J. H. J., Son of the Author of "Rural Sonnets," "Sunlight and Moonlight on the Waters."

I love to scan thy artless face,
And watch those signs thou can'st not smother;
And fondly strive thy thoughts to trace
As smiles and tears o'ertake each other.

That look, so strange yet sweet to see,
That look on which I'm ever dwelling,
Imparts far deeper bliss to me
Than lips possess the gift of telling.

I love thee more—yes, more and more,
Each time I view those bright eyes beaming;
And muse, in gentle rapture, o'er
The tresses down thy fair neck streaming.

'Tis sweeter still to hear thy voice
Make music to that look of pleasure,
Which bids my throbbing heart rejoice,
And stamps thee mine—thou priceless treasure!

—*Hood's Magazine for April.*

PIQUILLO ALLIAGA;
OR,
THE MOORS IN THE TIME OF PHILIP III.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

[From the French of M. Eugene Scribe.]

CHAPTER II.—THE TRIUMPH.

In an old and well-furnished mansion in Pampeluna, the principal windows of which overlooked the Taconuera, sat, in a gothic arm-chair, lost in deep reverie, an old soldier formerly in the service of Philip II. His cap, sword, and a parchment sealed with three seals were on the table. Before him stood a fine young officer, whom every mother coveted for a son-in-law, and every pretty girl for a lover. The joyousness of youth sparkled in his eyes—his manners bore the stamp of Spanish gallantry, and his proud Castilian blood mantled on his brow. A smile of impatience played on his hairless lip, whilst he carelessly played with the scabbard of his sword. Perceiving that the old man maintained silence, he, at length, timidly hazarded the following sentence: "Am I then to accompany you to Ireland?"

"No," rejoined the old man.

"Why not?"

"You have not yet drawn a blade, Fernand. I would have you begin with a victory, and, in this instance, we shall be vanquished."

"What! when you are the commander, Juan d'Aguilar? When the king supplies you with six thousand of the flower of his army, for the campaign in Ireland? When he desires to glorify the first year of his reign with a glorious enterprise?"

"I will go, I will go; but we shall certainly fail! Mad, impolitic, useless enterprise! Instead of boldly attacking Elizabeth and the English, suppressing crime and sedition, and subduing the refractory Irish! No such worthy deeds are to be achieved. Our counsels unheeded—we, old soldiers, who have served under Juan of Austria, and know what war is! Ah! Spain was a glorious country in those far off days."

"And so is she now," exclaimed the youth, in proud exultation; "she has *not* degenerated!"

"Aye," replied the old man, gazing at the boy with evident pride; "yes, she has stout hearts and sturdy limbs to fight her battles yet; but, nevertheless, her decline has begun, and nothing can now arrest it."

"A new reign might revive her splendour."

"A new reign!" muttered the old soldier. Heaving a deep sigh, he continued, musingly, "I was at the death-bed of Philip II. He knew what men where made of. He, who won victories without a smile of triumph, and saw a whole fleet perish without a murmur; that prince did I see absolutely shed a tear—yes, shed a tear when he contemplated the future monarchy of Spain. 'Heaven,' said he to me, 'who has granted me vast domains, has left me no heir to maintain them.'"

"What does that signify," continued the youth, "if there be an able minister of state at the helm?—it is said that the Count de Lerma is a man of genius."

By the impatient gesture of his uncle, the young man perceived that he had ventured too far.

"The Count de Lerma, an able statesman. Where, I should like to know, did Gomez de Sandoval y Royas, and, forsooth, Count de Lerma, learn—where should *he* have learned the science of government? Was it in the course of the adventures of his youth—in the tricks he played his creditors, and the skill with which he payed them without loosening his purse-strings?"

"But, my dear uncle, that is no despicable act; and if it were used towards the payment of the state's creditors, what a service it would be to the public exchequer!"

Don Juan, however, heeded him not, and pursued his own train of thought.

"Where did he learn politics? In the antechamber of the Infanta, where the late king placed him, under the charge of the Marchioness of Vaglis, in order to supplant the heir to the throne? In this alone consists the secret of his lauded merits. From the very day of the king's death, our influence was at an end, and the Count de Lerma became, not only prime minister, but absolute sovereign of Spain! Yes," he continued, "the new monarch, not content with heaping these dignities on his favourite, issues his first royal ordinance (a proclamation unexampled in the history of monarchies) proclaiming that the Count de Lerma's signature should be equally regarded with his own. He, a king! a descendant of Philip II and Charles V; and in the short space of a twelvemonth, this new-made minister—a Sandoval, signs himself the 'YEO EL REY!'"

'Calm yourself, uncle."

"A king of Spain, descended from royal parentage, abdicating the crown! It is a stigma on the country's nobility!

"Nevertheless," interrupted the young man, pointing to the parchment on the table, "you perceive he appoints you commander of the Irish expedition?"

"Yes, yes; he would sooner have me in Ireland than in Pampeluna. Pampeluna is too close to Madrid and the court. He desires that I should never visit such scenes, and banishes me to a distant land."

"Do you intend declining this offer?"

"What! refuse when there is danger?

No, no; I will go to the slaughter, but you must not accompany me; there is peril to meet, but no glory in that quarter. Martin Padilla, who commands the fleet, is my mortal foe; Occampo, who is appointed my lieutenant, is also my enemy."

"Then I should be by your side."

"And who will protect my memory? who will support the honour of my house? who will protect my daughter, Carmen, whom I shall leave an orphan? In her helpless childhood she will have no protectress but her aunt, my sister, the Countess d'Altamira, in whom I place no confidence. You know, Fernand, my projects, with respect to her and yourself; pledge me your word that you will not betray them."

"I pledge myself, uncle," exclaimed the young man, extending his hand, which the old soldier eagerly grasped with grateful warmth.

"And in the course of time," continued he, brushing away a tear that trickled down his cheek, "in the course of time, you will enter the councils of the state (for you have a right to that distinction, being a grandee of Spain—the Baron d'Albayda, first baron of Valencia); remember then that which I have uttered to-day. Defend our weak monarch against the wiles of his parasites—against his own rash acts; but yet hold him in high respect; for the king, whatever he is or does, is our legitimate ruler—our father. Many enemies threaten to overwhelm our country—many are striving to hasten her ruin."

Whilst he was thus speaking, a loud uproar of the populace was heard in the streets.

"What is that?" said the old man.

"Nothing, uncle; it is simply the beginning of the rejoicings in honour of the entry into Pampeluna of the king and his minister."

The uproar increased, and presently cries of "Justice, justice!—to the scaffold with Lerma!" were distinctly heard, mingled with menaces.

"Already," observed the old man coldly. All he dreaded, however, was that the shouts of the crowd would disturb the slumbers of his darling Carmen.

Fernand was on the point of quitting the apartment in which the above colloquy was held, to ascertain the origin of all this noise, when a man entered, whose rich garments were soiled and in disorder. His disdainful look was tinctured with fear and rage, and he strove to smile to disguise these emotions just as some folks sing to conceal their fright.

"The Count de Lemos!" exclaimed d'Aguilar.

"The governor of Pampeluna!" said the youth, respectfully.

The Count de Lemos was brother-in-law to the Count de Lerma, who had appointed him viceroy of Navarre, and governor of Pampeluna. D'Aguilar had much reason to feel surprised at his visit; for being no friend to the minister, he was not on over good terms with his family. Lemos and D'Aguilar rarely met each other.

"Yes!—it *is* me," said the Count, trying to force a blustering laugh; "they met my carriage in the street, and they assailed it with stones. Up to the very door of your hotel have they followed me."

"Of whom do you speak, sir Count?" inquired D'Aguilar, calmly.

"You are ignorant, then, of what is passing in the streets?"

"Perfectly so."

"Nothing can possibly be more absurd—a madness—a delirium! From Josué Calzado, the corregidor, whom I took to be a sensible, discreet man, downwards, they have all lost their senses. Borne triumphantly on the shoulders of the rabble, the corregidor came riotously at their head, to my hotel, making a fearful disturbance. The Countess will assuredly suffer sorely from fear, for they commenced operations by smashing the windows."

"But what did they want?" exclaimed D'Aguilar, impatiently.

"What did they want? Why they actually want to prevent the king from entering Pampeluna—yes, the king who is even now at the very gates of the city."

"Close the gates against the king of Spain!" said D'Aguilar, indignantly. "I trust, sir Count, that you have adopted rigorous measures to prevent such an indignity."

"Certainly; at the very outset of the tumult I despatched a messenger, disguised, to my brother-in-law, the minister; the matter concerns him most, and he will know how to act under the emergency."

"But what have *you* done?"

"Me!—what would you have had *me* do?"

"Is there not a fortress in Pampeluna, erected by Philip II?"

"It is unfinished; and there is not within its walls a single cannon, or one soldier!"

"In a frontier town!" exclaimed D'Aguilar, looking pointedly at Fernand. "What said I to you but now? Here is an instance of foresight on the part of those to whom the care of our country is confided—no garrison—no soldiers!"

"Why, that is just the very cause of the tumult. They will have it that the citizens alone should welcome their king, and not suffer him to be heralded by a military guard."

"And you yielded to them?"

"Not at all! Perceiving that it was

idle to parley with them, I caused my horses to be harnessed to a coach without armorial bearings, and left my hotel by a back door. I was in hopes I should have been able to join the Count de Lerma, and the two regiments by which he is escorted; and *then* I should like to know what would have been the consequences!"

"You—the governor of the town," said D'Aguilar, with marked surprise, "and meditated leaving it in the hour of danger!"

"To return; but I could not effect that object; they recognised and pursued me, and here have I taken refuge; and, my dear D'Aguilar, I ask you a thousand pardons for coming thus unceremoniously and unattended."

At this crisis the disturbance without redoubled, and a servant entered the room in dismay, exclaiming that the infuriated mob angrily insisted on the delivery of the governor into their hands. The Count de Lemos turned pale, young Fernand approached to protect him; and Don Juan D'Aguilar, without vacating his arm chair, said, with a smile lurking on his lips—"Tell them I am too highly honoured by the visit of the governor to desire its being shortened. He shall remain here as long as he pleases; and then," added he, with the pride of the Castilian, "as for the rabble, who are now at my gate, tell them they had better be off quietly."

Such was the respect in which Don Juan D'Aguilar was held, and the readiness with which he was wont to be obeyed, that the servant, without reflecting for a moment that he would run the risk of being torn to pieces by the mob, went to execute his orders; but that was impossible, for the other inhabitants of the hotel, alarmed at the increase of the crowd, had barricaded the principal entrance, and although Juan D'Aguilar was universally beloved and honoured, these defensive preparations had irritated the multitude, who already evinced hostile intentions.

The unlucky corredigor, leader against his will, of a riot which he could not quiet, and of a force that terrified him out of his wits, vainly attempted to address them. In the midst of the uproar they heard not a word of his ejaculations, and conceiving from the movement of his lips, that he was encouraging them to the charge, they set up a shout of "Hurrah for the corregidor!—on to the assault!—long life to the corregidor!"

Hearing this uproar, Fernand rushed to the room, the casements of which looked upon the street, and D'Aguilar rose to follow him, limping with the gout.

"What is to be done?" exclaimed the Count.

"Arrest the corregidor and two or three of the principal mutineers," said D'Aguilar, "and the rest will disperse. Halloo," he exclaimed to his nephew, who was undismayed, leaning out of the casement, and quietly watching the furious crowd that surrounded the gate of the hotel, "what think you of it?"

"I think," replied the youth, calmly, "we must secure some of them instantly, or there will be much mischief ere long."

Just then a shout of "Death to the governor!" rung the air.

The Count de Lemos endeavoured, in vain, to conceal his terror, and despite the scornful smile that played on his lip, the perspiration poured down his face. The old soldier, looking him steadfastly in the face, said, "Fear nothing, there is time yet to repell the danger."

"How?"

"The time expended in burning the house over our heads will enable the Count de Lerma, with his regiments—acquainted as he is with your position—to hasten to your rescue."

"You think so?" said Lemos.

"It cannot be otherwise. Close the gates of the city to the king! After suffering such an affront, there will be nothing left which we must not yield to these rebels. It is on the beginning of a reign that firmness is indispensable."

"But supposing the rebellion continues?"

"What of that?"

"What is to become of us in the meantime?"

"We will bear the brunt of the assault here, in this house, against the whole population of Pampeluna, if necessary: shall we not, my nephew?"

"Certainly, uncle. This will be my first campaign, and I glory in the idea that it will be under your guidance."

A fresh uproar, louder and still more threatening than the preceding, now burst from the impatient crowd. Mingled with shouts of rage, the sound of pickaxes, applied to the principal portal, was distinctly heard. At the bare thought of repelling an attacking foe, the old Don became excited beyond measure. As the war-horse that neighs and proudly tosses his head at the sound of the trumpet, he advanced with a firm step to the immediate scene of the struggle, forgetting his gout, and regaining all the ardour of his youth.

"Now then," he said, addressing those around him, "arm yourselves as rapidly as possible, and with whatever falls in your way, and begin by demolishing that casement!"

"What do you meditate?" cried the Count de Lemos.

"Why, simply to cast upon the heads of

the rioters, the whole of the first floor of the hotel."

"Bravo!" exclaimed the youth, commencing operations lustily.

"Now, then, I will show you," said the excited soldier; "I will show you how to defend a fortress besieged by the enemy."

"What!" said the Count de Lemos, astounded at this display of generous feeling; "is it possible that you and yours expose your lives to secure the safety of one whose family is notedly hostile to your own?"

"That is just the very reason for exertion," replied the old man; "I never yet deserted one in adversity seeking an asylum beneath my roof—it is a sacred duty;" and then he added, "take care, Count; do not place yourself so close to that casement, the post of danger; but yonder artillery of stones shall soon be silenced. Hark you, my friends," and pondering a while on what Charles XII had achieved under somewhat similar circumstances at Bender, the old general not only contemplated repelling the assault, but also attacking the enemy, aided by his nephew and servants. He hastily explained his tactics to his allies, and ordered the windows to be thrown open to reconnoitre the position and force of the foe; but to his great surprise a sudden calm succeeded the tumult, and all that could be seen in the now nearly deserted street were the remnants of the rebel band proceeding apparently to the gate through which the king purposed entering the town. The Count de Lemos was lost in conjecture, and D'Aguilar was puzzled to think what panic could have wrought this sudden change, what stratagem of the enemy was at the bottom of so singular a proceeding, or what marvellous event had robbed him of his laurels before the battle commenced.

Presently a horseman was seen galloping down the street at a tremendous pace. He held in one hand a flag of truce and a letter bearing the state seal. He pulled up in front of the hotel, and demanded admittance in the king's name.

At this revered sound, Don Juan immediately ordered the gate of his citadel to be opened, and the horseman, dismounting, entered. He was a brigadier in the army of the Infanta, Fidalgo d'Estremos by name.

"They tell me," said he, "that the governor of Pampeluna is to be found here."

"I am he," said the Count de Lemos, advancing.

"A letter from the king."

He snatched it eagerly from him, and breaking the seal, hurried through its contents. Meanwhile Don Juan inquired of the brigadier where he had left the regiment to which he belonged.

"At the gates of the city," said the brigadier.

"Did you accompany the king?"

"I did; as well as the Count de Lerma."

"And you do not, I hope, dream of shrinking from the assault of this band of townsmen?"

By way of answer, the brigadier placed his hand on the scabbard of his sword.

"That's right," exclaimed D'Aguilar. "With brave fellows like yourself, I should like to see the force or the rampart that could hold out against us. How now," he continued, addressing the Count de Lemos; "has your brother-in-law, the minister, made proper arrangements for the attack on Pampeluna?"

"No," replied the Count, with some hesitation; "that is not necessary."

"Oh! I perceive," said D'Aguilar, "the enemy have already abandoned their project; I thought it would not last long."

"Yes," stammered the Count, "all is tranquil now, I believe."

"Have they given any hostages?" asked D'Aguilar.

"Not one."

"Well, that matters little, so long as they ask for pardon. Of course they have expiated their resistance to the king?"

"No," replied Lemos, in an embarrassed manner.

"What is it, then?" asked Don Juan, impatiently. "What is the intelligence that has reached your excellency?"

In reply to these interrogations, the Count handed to the old soldier the epistle, which was couched in the following terms:—

"The king having learned, with deep concern, that his approach has occasioned some slight disturbance in the city; and having deliberated with his council and ministers what course to pursue under the circumstances, has expressed his determination to employ no other escort, on his solemn entry into Pampeluna, but that formed by its citizens. His majesty, moreover, has decided that, during his stay in their city, they alone shall have the honour of guarding the royal person."

This document bore the following signature:—"For the king—the Count de Lerma, prime minister."

It was manifest that this originated with the favourite. It was doubtful whether the king had been consulted on the occasion at all, and, indeed, the chronicles of that time assert that he never saw the document till the next day. Pale and trembling with indignation, Don Juan d'Aguilar twice read this remarkable production. Without uttering a syllable he returned it into the hands of the governor, who, anxious to carry its object into execution, hastily left

the hospitable dwelling where he had found refuge and protection.

The old man, left alone with his nephew, gazed on him for a while musingly, and then exclaimed:—"Said I not right? Had I not occasion to tremble for Spain and her king?"

Dreading a further betrayal of his overpowering feelings, he rushed to his daughter Carmen's apartment. The child, alarmed at his hasty approach, extended her arms towards him.

"I have been waiting for you, father!" she exclaimed, "and could not sleep till you came to kiss me."

D'Aguilar clasped his darling to his heart, and imprinting an earnest kiss on her forehead, forgot for the time, all about the revolt, the Fueros, and even the Count de Lerma. When the child fell calmly to sleep he stole out of the room, and proceeded to the palace to await the king's arrival.

ANCIENT BEDSTEAD,

IN TURTON TOWER, LANCASHIRE.

[From the Archæological Album.]

Many of our old manorial residences contain articles of ancient furniture, that have remained as heir-looms in the family, or have been brought together by the taste of more recent possessors, which merit to be better known, and we hope from time to time to be able to make our readers acquainted with some of the most beautiful specimens. Turton Tower is situated about four miles from Bolton. "The tower," which is the oldest part of the building, is square, of stone, and evidently constructed for defence. It contains a hall, of small dimensions, but richly decorated with wood carvings. A quaint staircase leads to the upper apartments, of which the largest is the drawing-room, occupying the entire length and breadth of the building. This fine room is panelled with oak, and the ceiling is enriched with pendants and other ornaments. In the reign of king John the township of Turton was held by Roger Fitz Robert (de Holland). It subsequently became the property of Henry, "the good Duke of Lancaster," from whom the manor passed into the knightly family of the Orrels; and from them it was purchased by Humphrey Chetham, Esq., a manufacturer of fustians, and founder of the celebrated college and library at Manchester. It continued in the family of the Chethams until it was conveyed by a co-heiress to a gentleman of the name of Bland, whose sole heiress married Mordecai Green, Esq., in whose family the estate still remains. That portion of it which contains Turton Tower is in the occupation of James Kay, Esq., who has expended large sums in furnishing his interesting residence in a style in accordance with its antique character. Some of these articles of furniture are represented in our plate, engraved from a sketch, for the communication of which we are indebted to the kindness of S. C. Hall, Esq., who has recently given an account of Turton Tower in his work on "The Baronial Halls, &c. of England." The principal object in the picture, and the one which possesses most interest, is the beautifully carved bedstead, which, from the date upon the footboard, appears to have been made in the year 1593. On the cornice above appear the arms of the earls of Devon, to one of whom it is said to have been presented by a king of France, so that it is probably of foreign manufacture. The cornice is enriched with elaborate flower and scroll-work, as well as with syrens, dragons, and fanciful monsters, whose extremities end in interlaced flower-work. The canopy or roof of the bed is carved in regular compartments, and adorned with pendants. The head of the bed presents a series of ornaments of a very varied character, in accordance with the taste of the age, consisting of a complicated mass of pillars, panels, caryatides, flowers, birds, and geometrical figures, so completely thrown together for general effect, that no "rule of art" can be applied to them. The footboard is also filled with panels, richly carved; and the posts are remarkable for more than the usual amount of elegance observed in state beds of this date. They rest on square bases, covered with carved scroll-work, and hollow within, having doors that open on each side.

The chair near the bed, is of the same age and style as the bedstead. The table, chair, and glass under the window, are probably not older than the reign of William III, or that of queen Anne.

The history of furniture is an interesting subject. In carrying our researches back a few centuries, we are surprised at the few articles which were considered necessary to furnish the rooms of our forefathers, and those articles were often of the plainest description. The hall seems to have seldom contained more than a table and a bench, sometimes with a cupboard or buffet. The table itself appears in many instances to have been only a board placed on temporary supports. A bed (a mere couch), with (not always) a chair or seat of some kind, furnished the sleeping-chamber. Harrison, in the description of England written in Essex during the reign of Elizabeth, and inserted in Holinshed's "Chronicles," informs us that "our fathers (yea, and we ourselves also), have lien full

oft upon straw pallets, on rough mats, covered onelie with a sheet, under coverlets made of dagswain (daggeswayne was the old term for the materials used for the coverlet of beds) or hopharlots (I use their own termes), and a good round log under their heads insteed of a bolster. If it were so that our fathers, or the goodman of the house, had, within seven years after his mariage, purchased a matteres, or flocke bed, and thereto a sacke of chaffe to rest his head upon, he thought himselfe to be as well lodged as the lord of the towne, so well were they contented. Pillowes, said they, were thought meete onelie for women in child-bed. As for servants, if they had anie sheet above them it was well, for seldome had they anie under their bodies to keepe them from the pricking straws that ran oft through the canvas of the pallet, and rased their hardened hides."

This description was of course intended to apply to the middle and lower classes of society; but we know from various sources that, in the earlier part of the middle ages, beds could scarcely be called objects of luxury, and that they were certainly not articles of ornament. The Anglo-Saxon illuminated manuscripts represent persons of the highest distinction sleeping on rude wooden couches, in a very uncomfortable position. The Anglo-Normans appear to have been not much better furnished in this respect; for in illuminations of manuscripts they are exhibited sleeping on very low wooden frames, with a mere board to support the pillow. Even kings and nobles are sometimes represented in beds of this description as late as the fifteenth century. The first ornament we find represented in the pictures in manuscripts is a canopy, adorned with richly embroidered drapery, attached to the wall; under this the head of the bed was placed. These canopies are found in English manuscripts early in the fourteenth century. A cut (taken from an illumination of the fifteenth century, in a manuscript of the romance of the Comte d'Artois, in the collection of M. Barrois, of Paris) represents the bed of a countess, whose husband was lord over princely domains. Nothing could be more simple than the bedstead in this picture. The canopy is evidently of rich materials, which we learn was the case, from the descriptions in old writers; and the bed itself was sometimes of softer materials than the artist appears here to have intended to represent. Chaucer speaks of a very rich bed—

> "Of downe of pure dovis white
> I wol yeve him a fethir bed,
> Rayid with gold, and right wel cled
> In fine blacke sattin d'outremere,
> And many a pilowe, and every bere
> Of cloths of Raines to slepe on softe;
> Him thare [need] not to tarnin ofte."
>
> CHAUCER'S *Dreme*, l. 236.

The last line would seem to intimate that an easy bed, on which the sleeper "need not turn oft," was no common thing in the days of Chaucer. In the metrical romance of "The Squire of Low Degree," which is probably of the fifteenth century, we have the following description of a very rich bed for a lady of high birth:—

> "Your blankettes shal be of fustyane;
> Your shetes shal be of cloths of Rayne;
> Your head-shete shal be of pery pyght,
> With dyamondes set and rubys bryght.
> Whan you are layd in bed so softe,
> A cage of golde shal hange aloft,
> Wythe longe peper fayre burning,
> And cloves that be swete smellyng,
> Frankincense and olibanum,
> That whan ye slepe the taste may come."

It would appear, from these extracts, that cloth of Raynes (made at Rennes in Brittany) was the ordinary material among the rich for sheets. The "head-sheet," which was *pyght*, or arrayed, with pearls, and set with diamonds and rubies, was probably to cover the pillow. The descriptions in the early romances are generally a little overcharged, and therefore we must take with some allowance the account of the materials in the following gorgeous description of a lady's bed, extracted from the curious romance of "Sir Degrevant," recently published by Mr. Halliwell:—

> "Hur bede was off asure,
> With testur and celure,
> With a bryght bordure
> Compasyd ful clene;
> And all a storye, as hit was,
> Of Ydoyne and Amadas,
> Perreye in yike a plas,
> And papegeyes of grene.
> The scochenus of many knyght
> Of gold and cyprus was i-dyght,
> Brode besauntus and bryght,
> And trewe-lovus bytwene.
> Ther was at hur testere
> The kyngus owne banere.
> Was nevere bede richere
> Of empryce ne qwene!
>
> "Fayre schetus of sylk
> Chalk-whyght as the mylk;
> Quyltus poyned of that ylk,
> Touseled they ware.
> Coddys of sendall,
> Knoppus of crystal,
> That was mad in Westfal
> With women of lare.
> Hyt was a merveleus thing
> To se the rydalus hyng,
> With mony a rede gold ryng
> That hom up bare;
> The cordes that thei one ran,
> The dak Betyse hom wan,
> Mayd Medyore hom span
> Of mere-maydenus hare."

The *testur*, or *testere*, appears to have been the name given to the canopy, its flat roof or ceiling being the *celure*; the border of the *testere* had pictures taken from the romance of "Idoyne and Amadas," separated with pearls and figures of green parrots.

On it were also figured escutcheons, besaunts, and true-loves. The curtains hung upon gold rings, which "run on" cords "spun of the hair of mermaids" Most of these terms occur in a letter of the king of England, dated in 1388, relating to "a bed of gold cloth," and "a covering [the canopy] with an entire celure and a testere of the same suit, and three curtains of red tartaine." It is somewhat more difficult to explain the "cods" of sendal and knobs of crystal made in Westphalia "by well-taught women."

Many illuminations exhibit the curtains, as here described, suspended by rings to rods or cords attached generally to the roof of the apartment. In some instances the couch, or low bed, is placed within a square compartment of the room, inclosed by such curtains. This seems to have been the first step towards the more modern square tester-beds. In one of the plates of D'Agincourt's "Histoire de l'Art" (Peinture, pl. 109), taken from a Greek fresco of the twelfth or thirteenth century in a church at Florence, we have the curtains arranged thus in a square tent in the room, where the cords are not suspended from the roof, but supported by four corner posts. The bed is placed within, totally detached from the surrounding posts and curtains. In one of the later subjects given in the paper on illuminations in the present volume, taken from a manuscript of the fifteenth century, we have a high bed, with the tester extending over its whole extent, but still without posts.

The large square post bedsteads, like that in Turton Tower, appear to have come into fashion in England late in the fifteenth century, and from that time to the beginning of the seventeenth century, they were amongst the most costly articles of household furniture. In an inventory of furniture belonging to king Henry VIII, printed in Strutt (vol. iii. p. 68), several beds are mentioned, one of which is described as—"the posts and heade curiously wroughte, painted, and guilte, having as well foure bullyeons of timbre gilte, as foure vanes of yron painted." They were often made of very large dimensions. Hentzner, the German traveller, who visited England in the reign of Elizabeth, speaks of beds at Windsor Castle which were eleven feet square, covered with quilts shining with gold and silver. These were the state-beds of Henry VII, Henry VIII, and Edward VI. But the fashion of large beds seems to have been on the decline at that period, since the queene's bed, "with curious coverings and embroidery," is stated to have been not quite so large as the others. The celebrated "great bed of Ware," immortalised by Shakespeare, and still in existence, was not quite so large as those mentioned by Hentzner; it is ten feet nine inches square, and seven feet six and a half inches high. The bed at Turton Tower is six feet six inches long, five feet six inches wide, and eight feet three inches high.

The ancient beds were sometimes double, a smaller bed running underneath the larger one, which was drawn out for use at night. These were the truckle-beds, or trundle-beds, not unfrequently mentioned in old writers. In "The Merry Wives of Windsor" (act iv. sc. 5), the host of the Garter, speaking of Falstaff's room, says,—

"There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed and *truckle-bed*."

When the knight and his squire were out on "adventures," the squire frequently occupied the truckle-bed, while his superior slept above him. The reader will remember the lines of "Hudibras:"—

"When Hudibras, whom thoughts and aking
'Twixt sleeping kept all night and waking
Began to rub his drowsy eyes,
And from his couch prepared to rise,
Resolving to dispatch the deed
He vow'd to do, with trusty speed;
But first with knocking loud and bawling,
He roused the squire, in *truckle* lolling.
Hudibras, part ii. canto ii.

In the English universities, the master-of-arts had his pupil to sleep in his truckle-bed. At an earlier period, it was the place of the valet-de-chambre, who thus slept at his master's feet. A wood-cut, taken from the same manuscript of the romance of the "Comte d'Artois," represents a truckle-bed of the fifteenth century. The Count d'Artois lies in the bed under the canopy, whilst his valet (in this instance, his wife in disguise) occupies the truckle.

Reviews.

Colonisation on Principles of Pure Christism. By Edward King, of Blackburn, Bicester, Oxon.

The writer of this pamphlet—a rich and philanthropic English gentlemen—is a profound thinker, and a man of most lofty and enlarged ideas. We advise all who love their species to read, learn, and inwardly digest this work. As far as in our power lies we shall be always ready to give support and countenance to the efforts of good men for the benefit of mankind, and Mr. Edward King is manifestly one of these. We quote from *Tait's Magazine*:—

"We are always glad to see persons of respectability sensible of the uneasiness of our posture as a nation. This author has devised a modern colonial Utopia, which, he contends, will afford a land of refuge to the poor of this and other old countries, and also supply certain fixed returns to the treasury of the mother-country

—as rent, for crown lands; and an unfluctuating interest of five per cent. to capitalists. It is with him an axiom that there is always to be extracted, by means of human skill and toil, from the earth, *a satis* for all the physical wants of man, and *a plus* for all his mental wants; that this *satis*, however unequally shared, has always existed; and, as certainly, this *plus*, however unjustly alienated. He believes the evils of social life in old countries to be ineradicable; but purposes to found a colony in South Africa, somewhat similar to Fourier's, only *more strictly* excluding every temptation to personal cupidity. He takes the commandment of Christ, to love one another, as wholly opposed to the struggles of self-interest which social life has hitherto presented. He considers that the law of christian love, however individually operant, has never yet been institutionally carried out into practice in any nation; nor can be, now, in any old country. He expresses warmly his sense of existing evils in the present, and in all hitherto existing social systems; and his faith in the felicitous changes which a social and institutional observance of Christ's golden precept would produce. He complains of government letting go its hold on crown lands (which might be productive to the treasury), making them over to land-shark speculators in flesh and blood, who kidnap the flower of the British peasantry to newly-founded colonies, on the pretence of philanthropy. He expatiates on the impolicy of this, as a matter of finance, on the one hand, and on the other, on the inhumanity of it in its bearing upon emigrant-labourers. We recommend this work to the curious as well as to the thoughtful among our readers. If they do not find in it the attractiveness of style of the Utopia of Sir Thomas More, they will find more of the practical, and, of course, more that is adapted to the present times. If Mr. K. should not make converts of them, he will supply them with materials for thought and study upon points highly interesting. We are glad to find that none of the manifestations of the 'mens divinior' are excluded from his system, in so far as it is educational, and, so to speak, metaphysical. He advocates no congregational atheism—no penning up of men like sheep in a fold, to live and die, blind and godless, and merely, while they live, to be fed and wived, but the development of all human powers, physical and mental, &c.; if man would be what providence intended him to be—the reciprocation of pleasures and joys—and the realisation of the happiness resulting from loving our neighbours as we love ourselves."

The Topic. No. I. [Mitchell.]

This periodical, which gives an article every Saturday on the topic of the week, is admirably deserving of support. The opening paper on the Indian war is a masterpiece of descriptive information, combined with lofty political reasoning. It is a paper which every man desirous of obtaining a just insight into affairs in the Punjaub must read.

New Music.

The Lusitanian Garland. By F. M. [Ewer and Co.]

We have much pleasure in noticing an interesting collection of Portuguese national melodies, styled *Modinhas.* They are twelve in number, and called "The Lusitanian Garland," by a Portuguese lady, Madame F. M., tastefully and scientifically arranged for one, two, or three voices, with accompaniment for the piano-forte, as we understand, by Mr. W. T. Wood, a promising professor of music. The English translation is from the talented pen of Dr. Bowring, M.P., and we cannot refrain offering to our readers a specimen of the manner in which the translator has performed his portion of the task:

Through the weary hours of darkness,
Calmly flows Time's tide along,
Gently flows the hidden streamlet,
Tracing all its course in song:
The music is mournful,
The darkness profound,
Yet deeper the griefs
That my pathway surround.

Gloomily the clouds o'ermantle
All the tempest-gathering sky,
Scarcely through the darksome curtains,
One faint moonbeam flutters by:
And that lovely moonbeam
But adds to the gloom,
As the light of the taper
But darkens the tomb.

Yet, amidst these midnight horrors,
Should my lovely one appear;
Light and beauty, bliss and glory,
In their brightness would be here.
The light of her eyelids,
The charm of her face,
All joy would bring with them,
All gloominess chase.

Farewell ye lands of Europe,
From your claims and charms I fly,
In my beloved native land,
'Mid my brethren I will die.

As the birds on weary pinion
Through the woods unnoticed roam;
So I wandered through your cities
Ever thinking of my home.

Lyre of mine! when I shall string thee,
On my native shores again,
Sweeter far shall be the music
That inspires thy raptured strain.

We wish we could in like manner give our readers a taste of the music; but as this is not possible, we would have them take our word, when we say that every one of these melodies is replete with a sweet

and plaintive sentiment, which appears to be characteristic of Portuguese national music.

There are no difficulties which need alarm any amateur (either singer or player) tolerably versed in the art of reading at sight, and imbued with the sense of the beautiful, and the power of rendering that sense available for the benefit of his audience. Sweet, clear, expressive voices, singing in harmonions symphony, accompanied by neat and tasteful fingers, are alone needed to give these melodies with a charming effect, and these qualities are now too common in this increasingly musical country to make us fear for the success of this elegant work of a fair foreigner, whom we cordially thank for the contribution she has thus afforded to our knowledge of the national music of various countries.

The Gatherer.

Squaring the Circle.—A party is said to have died, leaving the sum of £100,000 in trust, to the then Lord Chancellor, for the benefit of the individual who should clearly demonstrate the squaring of the circle; the interest, until the condition of the will is complied with, to be paid to one of the colleges at Cambridge, it is believed St. John's College.

Income Tax in the reign of Henry VIII.—When Wolsey required £800,000 from the Commons, for the use of his master, they declared their inability to grant the demand, *as it exceeded the amount of the current coin of the realm.* After a long debate of many days it was determined, that part of the sum should be granted. Wolsey, greatly dissatisfied with the Commons, compelled the people to pay up the whole subsidy at once. After this occurrence, no parliament was assembled by Henry VIII for seven years, and commissioners were appointed throughout the kingdom to swear every man to the value of his possessions, requiring a rateable part according to such declaration. In 1545, commissioners were again appointed by Henry VIII to obtain money from the people by what was miscalled "a benevolence." These commissioners intimated, that his majesty could not take less than twenty-pence in the pound on the yearly value of *land*, and half that sum on moveable goods. They were to summon few at one time, and to commune with them apart.—*Mackinnon's History of Civilisation.*

War.—Man, in the plenitude of his love of glory, frequently makes war without reason. Louis XIV, "The Grand Monarque," on his death-bed, called the Dauphin to his side; his last words were: "My child, seek peace as the source of every good—avoid war as the source of every evil. My example in this respect is not a good one; do not imitate it—it is the part of my life and reign which I most repent."

Magna Charta.—The demand for the charta is evidence of a desire for an equal administration of the laws (such as then existed) by the well-informed men of that time, and evinces also the apprehensions entertained of king John's cruel, unprincipled, and perfidious disposition. Scarcely any practical advantage, however, appears to have been secured to the nation at large by the concessions to the barons. A boon, such as Magna Charta unquestionably was, in that day, could be of little service to a population nearly barbarous, with an uneducated and warlike upper class of feudal barons, and an extensive and degraded lower class of serfs; for the traders living in towns, from whom hereafter a middle class was principally to spring, had not yet risen into any importance. As a precedent in favour of liberty, and as an index to future generations, Magna Charta was invaluable; *but it was a nullity at the time.*—*Mackinnon's History of Civilisation.*

Bulwer.—"That sweet smile and serene—that smile never seen but upon the face of the dying and the dead."—*Ernest Maltravers.* Bulwer is not the man to look a stern fact in the face. He would rather sentimentalise upon a vulgar although picturesque error. Who ever *really* saw anything but horror in the smile of the dead? We so earnestly *desire* to fancy it "sweet"—that is the source of the mistake; if, indeed, there ever was a mistake in the question.—*E. A. Poe.*

The late Thomas Hood.—A meeting of the committee for managing the Hood Fund was held some time back, at the residence of Mr. David Salomons, the treasurer, for the purpose of auditing the accounts. £1,000 has been invested on behalf of the family in the public funds, and a further sum of £200 will be similarly invested in the course of a few weeks. It is proposed to place a small monument over the remains of the late Mr. Hood, in Kensal-green cemetery, for which a sum not exceeding £50 will be raised. The members of the committee subscribed ten guineas towards the sum required, which will no doubt be very soon completed by the many friends and admirers of the deceased poet.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"X. Z.," "N. B.," "Regent," declined. Next week will be commenced a series of "DRAMATIC CRITICISMS," from the pen of an able critic, which, by their combined brevity and completeness, will be useful and agreeable to our readers.

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